BY CHARLES T. CONGDON. CONSCIENCE IN POLITICS-BETTERS AND BETTING-THE COMIC BUSINESS OF THE ELECTION-THE CARICATURES-THE MEN WHO DO NOT MARCH

Nothing seems to stimulate the American pro pensity for fun like the election of a President. on as the candidates are announced we burst into humor, revel in burlesque, and surrender ourselves to the conundrum of caricature. These elections, to a great many people, I have no doubt are a serious business. Their consciences during the canvass are uncommonly lively; and I would not give a penny for the future of the Republic if they were not. All through the fuss and fret and fume of the contest, I think with respect of these honest men-how they are unswayed by personal interest; how they have no hunger for office; how they are innocent of the least commendable features of our politics. I am glad to believe in their stalwart integrity. I glory in their intelligence. If they are true to party. I know that it is because party is substantially true to them. I deduce from their fidelity the future of the Republic, and see it growing greater and surer through the ages, be cause in my day and generation it was purer than its methods, and from seeming evil still educed a constant good.

After the National Conventions it is curious to notice how many a citizen puts himself upon the qui rire. He has received the key-note, and talks and even blusters accordingly. Never was anybody else so sure as he is of success. He snufts victory from afar. He sneers and scoffs at the possibility of defeat; and putting his hand in his pocket, he offers to wager much more money than he has in his imme-diate possession that his favorite will win the prize. It is quite enough for him to meet any man who thinks differently. The rencontre at once arouses him. He makes a personal matter of it. He considers himself insulted by doubts. He has the most enormous estimate of his private opinion. "Do you want to bet on it ?" is the best weapon he knows. Want to bet! Why, of course the other man wants to bet. Out comes his pocket-book. They stand face to face with each other, and shake their money in a minatory manner. This is one of the funniest features of the campaign. For, mark you! neither of those who are bullying each other know anything about the matter positively. Each reads his newspaper; each frequents his club; and each marches in the processions of his party. It is possible that neither, in any event, expects any personal advantage from the result. It is certain that the man may bring his pocket-book into the controversy with no particular hope of replenishing it. But he is upon that side, and he does not choose to be chaffed and bluffed. He may glare at the other person; he may shake his fist of five cleuched fingers at him; he may get himself into an inordinate rage without the least reason; but when you come to inquire into the cause of his commotion. you will find that the secret of all is that he has taken a side, and he means loyally to stand by it. It is encouraging to believe that he has taken it honestly. The appeal may have been to his emotions, his prejudices, his inherited notions; but he is honest, and he really thinks that his opponent is dishonest or mistaken. At any rate, his party is his party; he knows where he stands; and he not to be lightly moved. Human nature is fond of difference; and he has a great deal of human nature under his waistcoat. It is worth while to notice how the campaign en-

livens everybody. It is quite surprising to notice the fecundity of jokes in the newspapers. There is an undercurrent of guffaw in the columns—we have puns, irony, burlesque, and a plenitude of lampoons. The grave are made ridiculeus. Weak words are put into the strongest mouths. The serious is reduced to a sneer. Awful disclosures are in order, and sometimes it is only necessary and proper, at this most judicial season, that they should be made. Sometimes there are timid and sometimes bold mendacities; now the insinuation and then the plump assertion; the lie is given, and the lie is retorted; and still go on accusation and recrimination, charge and countercharge, and all the noisy miscellany of the quarrel. I should be sorry and lonesome with all my countrymen thus odds, if I did not have a side of my own. I at odds, if I did not have a side of my own. I know very well which party I think to be in the right. In all this pother, I find a balance of integrity, of policy, of prudence; and it carries me with it. But one cannot make public manners and political methods to suit himself. 1 must accept Hail Columbia" as it is played. Apart from political contentions; with no reference to the doubt whether this man is to have one office and that man another; understanding that much which is small and much which is degrading mingles in our politics, I am sure that there is something to choose; that there is a right and wrong; and I regard all the efforts of my party to keep fast hold of the popular heart and hand with a hope that, as It has succeeded so often, it may succeed again and again. I cannot fix upon the time when it will not be needed, though the time may come, when these ears shall have become deaf to the loudest huzzas, and these eyes of mine shall study the newspaper columns no longer. It is nothing new that elections should make the

caricaturists busy in this age of wood-engraving and cheap lithographing. As there are so many of them, I wish that the pictures designedly droll could be just a little droller, and not so nearly flat and stale as the jekes in some of the newspapers. I think that the drollest of the whole is that the whole should be so little droll. It appears ungracious when one is expected to laugh and only grows graver and graver. I have before me a great heap of the caricatures which the present canvass has occasioned. Perhaps there is humor in them, but I cannot find it. All are in a sense alike. All the candidates are depicted doing impossible things and arranging themselves in impossible situations. They are climbing mountains, or crossing rivers in boats, or walking in at front doors, or sitting upon thrones; they are either shooting each other or embracing each other, or standing in meaningless tableaux; and the artist evidently first designs a situation, and then compels these poor candidates to pose in it most awkwardly. It is all a mess and a muddle. General Hancock is brought forward in a Roman toga. Mr. Garfield is exhibited as a wild Indian. All the statesmen upon the scene are as much transmogrified as poor Bottom in the play. There was never anything seen on earth such these pictures represent; and we may be pretty sure that there never will be. The reason why they are not more successful is that they have no verisimilitude to the time and place. While they should flash themselves into recognition, they require to be studied. We pore over them as we would over a map. We turn them this way and that as we would a riddle. We investigate them as we would a diagram in Euclid. Sometimes we seel that we should laugh, but we can't. We look sgain and get ready to giggle, but we don't. Notseldom we ask ourselves petulantly what the fellow would be at; and now and then we are forced to admit that the whole thing is ill-natured without being bright. But it will not do to quarrel with elections. They

make matters lively and save us from social stagnation. When the enthusiasm drifts into processions. It is all as good as a carnival. It was only the ther night that the horns and drums and trumpets awakened me; and going to the window I saw the torch-lighted train marching by. This army with banners was proceeding to no battle-field; these men who kept the step of soldiers on parade were all civilians; and those who watched the pageant from the sidewalk knew that the coming battle would be bloodless. But for all that, there was a perfect sincerity in the huzzas. All up and down the procession there was an interest in public affairs which fine people who never march, and almost never vote, might well emulate. To these marchers the election of President was not a matter of indifference. I do not see, if a President is to be elected at all, why we should not feel the importance of the affair. Mr. Bullion, of the house of Bullion, Fortypercent & Company, will not come out to march, and for that matter will not come out to vote. If the whole business of saving she country, its liberties, its money, and its myriad

HUMORS OF THE CAMPAIGN. interests, can be promoted by processions. I do not comprehend why Mr. Bullion should not march, and I promise, sometime when the weather is fine, to march myself.

SHADOW PICTURES.

["I threw magic-lantern portraits of different persons on the top of one noother, on the same screen, and elicited a resultant face which resembled no one of the components in particular, but included all.—[F. Galton, "Mental Imagory," Fortnightly Review, September, 1880.]

The shadowed magic-lantern pictures shone, Shed each successively upon the walls; Nor were the former shapes withdrawn at all: Each face—each picture was a face—was thrown So that its features on the last did fall; When lo! a single face appeared alone, The blended characters and tints had grown Together into one, the coronal

OFFENBACH.

From The London Globe.

He was a Parisian and a boulevardier par excellence, and the visitor could hardly believe that the man with the strong German features, straight hair, hooked nose and Sardenne grin, pointed out to them as Offenbach, was really the maestro, the composer of "La Belie Heiene" and "La Grande Duchesse." He looked like some figure escaped from the famous dance Holbern imagined; and the lean, crooked fingers, the piercing eye, etc., acted unfavorably on the nerves of those who were brought for the first time into contact with a man who never refused to open his purse at the request of his friend, and who may have been said to have spent more than one fortune in aiding others and in endeavoring to accomplish some laudable purpose. Gout and rheumatism

open his purse at the request of his friend, and who may have been said to have spent more than one fortune in aiding others and in endeavoring to accomplish some laudable purpose. Gout and rheamatism had not contributed toward rounding the angularities of his features or limbs, and his personal appearance bore out the accusation made against him by that famous but venal critic Florentico, who wrote in his chronique in the Moniteur Universel that Jacques Offenbach had the evil eye. Many regarded him as a jettatore, and when they passed him spread out the fingers or handled that branch of pank coral which is supposed to preserve from all evil influence. The composer knew that the critic had given him a bad name, and giving him the refort courfeous, used to say: "Perhaps I have an evil eye, but Florentino has also a sucaking kindness for the bountiful haud." The rumor started by the venal critic was credited by the Parisians, and Offenbach was wounded by the persistent manner in which the regulation Florentino had made for him followed him throughout life. He was naturally a superstitions may, but even in his superstition the originality of his character and tastes became a salient point in his expiration. When twelve persons sat around his hospitable board he invariably rired to find another guest to complete the baker's dozen, avowing that thirteen attable was a patent of longevity for all, and he invariably, when going on a journey, chose Friday, though statistics show that there are less persons travelling by rail, river, and road on that day than on any other day during the week.

He was the tidol of the Paristans, and young France acciaimed him in the stierets, following him to his house on the evening of every great success, and hoisting him shoulder high, while some danced round him, and all sang the joyous refrains which echoed in their memories. He was as simple as a chind in most worldly matters and endowed with great eredulity. M. Albert Wolff, one of his friends and companions, witting to the Figore

distributed, and half a comique were equipped and drawn up in battle array in front of the hotel. A drawn up in battle array in front of the hotel. A lad also dressed up was mounted on a denkey as a herald, and arrangements were made to receive the composer with a salute from two small cannons. When his carriage drew up the halberdiers presented arms, the drums beat, and the trumpet sounded, while M. Wolff presented the keys of the hotel on a plated salver to the maestro, who thought the whole thing was real, and, whoing the tears from his eyes, embraced his friend, and said, "On, this is indeed too much! These good people are too kind!"

Prom Le Figaro.

Offenbach was anything but an admirer of Wagner. The following critical estimate of him has not, so far as we know, been published before; "And to sum up my opinion in a few words, Wagner would be the greatest of all musicians if he had not been preceded by Mozart, Gluck, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc., the most spiritual, the most nelodic, if Herold, Haleny, Anber, Boieldieu, etc. had never lived; his genius would be incomparable if he had not had Meyerbeer and Rossim for contemporaries. His music, which is in onen revolt against universal sufrage and delicate taste, may be thus defined, 'Irreconcilable' music.'

facility rivalling that of Schibert, who is said in have composed the melody of his famous "Serenade" at a table in a beer garden. Le Figaro gives an instance of this. In 1850, Arsene Honsaye, then the director of the Comédie Francaise, had engaged Offenbach as conductor of the orchestra. One morning Alfred de Musset, who was writing for the Maison de Mohere, came to the director and said: "My dear fellow, now that you have Offenbach, you ought not to let such talent he dile. Why don't you ask him to compose music for the song of Forhmio? I don't know him or I would ask him myself." "If you don't know him." said Houssaye, "I will introduce him. This is he." In fact, Offenbach was sitting in the directors, office. "I am only too glad to be useful to you," said the conductor to the poet. "Let us send for the words at once," "Then you will compose this music ?" "Certainly, here, at once. Then we will send for Delaunay to sing it." Five minutes later the words were brought, and Offenbach, looking over De Musser's verses, improvised a charming air, which he hummed over to the astounded author. "Send for Fortunio," said Houssaye, and Delaunay, who was intrusted with the part, came hurrying in. But as ill luck would have it, Delaunay, whose voice in speaking is of the softest and sweerest, developed a tremendous bass the moment he began to sing. "Ah! that will never do," said offenbach. "He can speak the verses, but for Heaven's sake don't let him sing them," and the piece had to be produced without the song. It was not lost, however, for Offenbach's generosity, and the odd way in which it was exercised, are numberless. One day as he was coming home from his club he was accosted by a little beggar, who asked him for a few sous. He felt in his pockets, but "trente et quarante" had quite emptied them, so going into the nearest store and asking for some paper he improvised a little song, which he interest and handling it to the child said. "Here!

pockets, but "trente et quarante" had quite emptied them, so going into the nearest store and asking for some paper he improvised a little song, which he signed, and handing it to the child said, "Here! take this to —, the music publisher, and keep the change."

take this to—, the music parasace, as change."

He joked about everything, even his health, which was very delicate. Just before he came to America in 1876 one of his confreres said to him: "You really ought to take care of yourself. You are not bulf strong enough to undertake this trip." "Oh!" said Offenbach, smiling, "don't worry. My health is so bad that I haven't the strength to be ill."

Bivarre and eccentric at all times, Offenbach was

that I haven't the strength to be iii."

Bizarre and eccentric at all times, Offenbach was never more odd and amusing than at the theatre. The morning of a rehearsal, he might be found at Bizarre and eccentric at all times, Offenbach was never more odd and amusing than at the theatre. The morning of a rebearsal, he might be found at home in the corner of a deep easy chair, with his feet higher than his head, wrapped up to his hose in a red silk dressing.gown trimmed with fur, keeping his eyes shut and avoiding all manner of conversation, to save his strength. At breakfast time he would call his valet, and proceed to dress with extreme care, but at breakfast he scarcely atchalf a dozen mouthfuls, keeping up his nervous energy with a fearfully strong eight. At breakfast time he would wrap him up in a great cloak lined with reddish fur, nearly the color of his hair and whiskers, and shut up in a close coupe with a fur robe about his legs, he would drive off to the theatre. Here he always arrived with all sorts of projects in his head for modifying his piece. "This is how you must set this scene. I want this introduction done in such and such a way. Those verses in the second act—" "Ah! yes. They are charming!" "Well, I am going to cut them out." "But they will be encored!" "I don't care. Tsey make the scene too long. I shall cut them." He was the mortal enemy of long scenes, and the most successful number would have to go if it made the action drag. No matter how the director or the singers remoustrated, he was inexorable, and in the end generally right. The rehearsal once begun, Offenbach would disappear in his fur cloak, from which his face would gradually emerge wearing a smile that grew broader and broader. At last, when the number was finished, he would spring up, and flourishing his cane, would cry out: "Very good, my children, but it isn't that all!" and rushing on the stage, would turn it topsy-turvy in a moment. Like Gilbert, he managed his own stage and arranged all the grouping, entrances and exts himself. Once up, he was not likely to sit down again in a good while. He interrupted every instant. "That isn't t all! Come here, will you! I never told you to do that, it's detestable! Come,

he would sink into a chair trying to hide the spasm of pain that shot across his face.

KEATS AND SEVERN.

From the Unisersity Magazine.

Passing up the stair of the Sala D inte, and traversing a dim carpetless gallery, Severn's visitors sought a most unpretending deor, bespeaking the intercession of a sweet, faint little bell that in its un worldly chime seemed to strike the keynote of the about, as one might say. When the inmate's faithful attendant had responded to this appeal, it was necessary to wait a few minutes while she ascertained whether Mr. Severn could receive. It always appeared to cost her muster some reflection before he could decide upon seeing anybody. As if by way of apology for this inevitable delay, the loboy was converted into a kind of anteroom, the walls of which were hung with a few line engravings. Severn set great store upon one of these, a unique and exquisite rendering of the well-known picture we have been allowed until lately to call Guido's Beatrice Cenci.

The studio was sombre, and arranged with as little conventionality as the painter himself, "everything about aim betokening a careless desolation." "Desolation" is searcely too strong a word to convey the impression given by the chamber and its tenant. He dweit entirely alone, apparently from choice, for he had attached relatives and a large circle of warm friends in England.

The spectacle of this old and frail man, likely soon to drop into a foreigner's grave, would have been sufficiently full of melancholy interest; but when one remembered him to be a relic of a time gone by, and heard him speak of nothing but a generation of dead men, one had a sense of "death in hie "that quickened the whole effect into one of real desolation. He knew little of the world as it existed around him. He lived in the past. He could have shared the feeling of Lamb when he erred, "Haup posterity! I write for antiquaty." Severn in the last year of his life was still painting portraits of Keats—the beautiful beyish Keats of his memory. He never tired of talking about his riend. He would lay before you a volume of Shakespeare's poems, in a fly-leaf of w these fine lines occur:

"And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sheepiess Eremite,
The moving waters at their pressible task
Of pure ablation round earth's human shores."

The moving waters at their presslike task Of pure ablation round earth a human shores."

From Keats's works the discussion might pass to Keats's person, and the painter would tell you be considered Lord Houghton entirely in error in writing of Keats's "bine eves." It any man could talk with certainty of their color, he himself could; and he could affirm that they had no tinge of blue, but were a warm gray—almost brown. Thus occurred a sort of Glaukopis-Athene dispute that Lord Houghton and Severa carried on in private letters, Lord Houghton to the last main taining his description unmodified. The painter had not a very exalted opinion of Fanny Brawne, of home he said the only true likeness was to be found in one of the two figures in Titinu's "Sacred and Profane Love."

The world to him was but a world that had lost Keats. Rome itself, with its innumerable associations, was to him but the grave of Keats. He chronicles the mournful event thus: "February 27. He is gone; be died with the most perfect ease; he seemed to go to sleep. On the 23d, about 4, the approaches of death came on. "Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying. I shall die easy—don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come?" The two friends had been in the deepest pecuniary difficulties, though knowledge of the fact was kept from the dying man. Severn almost lacked bread. He had not an hour even in which to dash off a sketch to self. He was faithful to the end.

DUMAS'S FIRST PLAY.

Prom The Nineteenth Century.

Before "Heari Iti. et sa Cour" was accepted and played at the Theatre Francais, Damas had offered another piece called "Caristine," which had for its culminating point of microst the murder of Monaldeschib y Queen Christina. This piece, after various difficulties which Damas has described in his own inimitable manner, was accepted and put into rehearsal. At the first reading of the piece the author received an extraordinary compliment in being asked to read two of the scenes over again. When the reading was over, Firmin, the great actor of the day, Talma's successor, came to him and told him that the committee of decision was much embarrassed.

"Why t" said Damas.
"Because," replied Firmin. "the committee really doesn't know whether the piece is classic or romantic."

What does that matter ?" said Dumas. " Is the "What does that matter I said Dumas." Is the piece good or but I" "Well" answered Firmin, "the fact is the committee doesn't know that either." Finally Firmin took Dumas to visit a certain M.

Finally Firmin took Dumas to visit a certain M. Picard, a fanasical classicist who was supposed by some people in the theatre to be an infallible judge. When Dumas and Firmin went to him be took snuff with a proud air and received the MS. with an equally proud air, and with various depreciatory remarks. A week later Dumas and Firmin went to seek for his equation.

"Ah! well, 'replied Picard, crying aim the MS,
"go back to your office—go back to your office."
This was discouraging enough, but in spite of this
and other discouragements, the play was, as has
been said, accepted, and actually put in rehearsal.
Apropos of these difficulties, Danas, in his account
of his connection with the Theatre Francais, tells a
story of a great actor of that day, M. Lafon. Lafon
came to him asking for a part to be written into the
play. The part could not be written in: but at the
mention of Lafon's name Dumns gresoff in his discursive way to tell how there was a certain actor
at the Francais who was bad at acting, out uncomat the Francais who was bad at acting, our uncommonly good at imitating Lafon. One evening in the green-room he cut short an imitation on Lafon's unexpected appearance. "Ah!" said Lafon, as he came in, "you all seem amused, and I think your imitation of me is the cause of this amusement."

"Oh, M. Lafon!"

"My good soul, I don't mind ; you cannot do better than, copy a good model!"
Oh, M. Lafon!"

"Oh, M. Lafon!"
"Well, no denial—let us hear how you do it."
"If it must be se," said the mimic, and he gave his celebrated imitation with unusual success. Lafon listened most attentively—applauded frequently; and said at the end: "Well, why don't you act as well as that on your own account? You would escape a certain amount of hissing if you did!"

BISHOP HAVEN'S HAPPY DEATH.

From The Boston Herald.

To a friend he said: "The first Sunday in the new year I shall spend in glory." So real was this "glory" to the man who was so soon to enter it that he and his widowed sister, Mrs. Cox, spoke together of the message which he was to take from her to her husband. "Gilbert, you know what I told you to tell Wilbur!" "Yes," was his reply, "I will remember it all, and will deliver your message." As time drew on he remarked that he had in the morning sent for Dr. Garratt, who had promised to come to him at 4 o'clock that afternoon. "You will countermand the order to Dr. Garratt," he said: "I have no need for him. I am going where the inhabitants shall never say: 'I am sick!" Te his friend Dr. Upham he said: "Preach a whole Christ, a whole Gospel, a whole Heaven, a whole hell, a whole libble." To another he said: "Stand by the old Church." Then, referring to his own experience, he said: "It is so delicated delice." it is so despendent. a whole hell, a whole Bible." To another he said: "Stand by the old Church." Then, referring to his own experience, he said: "It is so delightful dying—it is so pleasant—so beautiful—the angels are here—God lifts me up in His arms. I cannot see the river of death—there is no river—it is all light—I am floating away from earth up into heaven—I am gliding away unto God." One of his friends inquired of him: "Is it all right." "Yes," said he; and again, "I have not a cloud over my mind; I believe the Gospel all through," with a characteristic emphasis on the "all through." It was now 4 o'clock, and the sun of that winter day was going down; but to him there was no darkness. The last of the throng of visitors at this strango "reception" was Professor Lindsay, to whom, when taking his leave, the bishop said: "Good evening, doctor. When we next meet it will be good morning."

will be good morning."

"After all his visitors had retired he said: "Now we are alone, and must have a little time with our own family. Here are my two sisters, my two children. Where is my mother?" And when she was brought in they stood in a circle around his bed in order that he might see them all. But his sight was failing, and, looking around the circle, he said: "Are we all alone?" And on being satisfied upon this point, he gave the last of himself away to God, and to those on earth whom he loved the best; taking their hands one by one and saying.

"This is my dear, dearest mother: Marzie, my little sunbeam—dear, pretty one; Willie, my noble son"; and then recurred the name which he was ever whispering in the intervals of conversation: "Precious Jesus; blessed Jesus."

There was another name also—the name of her who had been a constant presence in his soul, though for fourteen years she had also been a presence among the angels of God.

On the night before his election to the episcopate, being in the company of a few choice friends, he said: "I would willingly start and make a pilgrimage around the earth on foot to spend one hour with my Mary"; and when he knew he was about to die, he said, as if overwhelmed by the weaty labors and journeyings through which and over which he had dragged himself, in spite of sickness and sorrow and pan, for all these long, lonesome years, he said: "Arter I have seen tha Lord, I shall want to rest for the first thomsand years with my head in the law of my Mary." will be good morning."
"After all his visitors had retired he said: "Now

HOME INTERESTS.

STEADY PRICES IN THE MARKETS. POULTRY AND GAME PLENTIFUL-NEW DELICACIES FROM THE WEST INDIES-CANNED TROPICAL PRUITS-SATURDAY'S PRICES IN THE MARKETS.

There is no material change in the markets since ist week. Meats are in better demand, but prices emain much the same. Good roasting pieces of ork are selling for 12 cents per pound; all kinds of fresh and salted pork are higher than at this time last year. Hams sell from 14 to 16 cents per pound, and the small uptown dealer sells cut slices at 17 and 18 cents. Market price of shoulders is from 9 to 10 cents per pound : sausages, 10 to 12 cents; smoked sansage, 14 to 15 cents; bacon, 14 cents; pork ten-derloin, 15 to 16 cents; smoked beef, 15 to 18 cents. beef tongues, 14 to 15 cents; tripe, 5 to 6 cents fresh joins, 10 cents; head cheese, 10 to 12 cents; lamb fries, 36 cents per dozen; sweetbreads, \$2 to \$2 50 per dozen, some as high as \$3. Other meats

\$2 50 per dozan, some as high as \$3. Other meats remain at the old prices. Best ents of beef sell from 20 to 24 cents per pound; yeal from 14 to 25, and lamb from 15 to 22 cents.

Poultry and game are in large supply, and prices grow easier every week. Spring chickens are 20 cents per pound, other chickens selling at the same price. Fine, dry-picked Philadelphia chickens bring 22 cents; Capon pullets 25 cents; fowls are 16 and 18 cents per pound; ducks sell at 20 cents; mongred ducks, 22 and 25 cents; turkeys are 20 cents per pound; mongred geose, 20 and 25 cents; squab are now selling from \$2 50 to \$3 per dozen; grosse, \$1 25 per pair; partradge, very fine, \$1 25 squab are now selling from \$2.50 to \$3 per doz'n; grouse, \$1.25 per pair; partrage, very fine, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per pair; woodcock, \$1; English snape, \$3 per dozen; plover, \$6 per dozen; tenl duck, 50 to 75 cents per pair; wood duck, \$1; maliards the same; redhead, \$1.50; canvas back, \$2.50 to \$3 per pair; pigeons, \$2 per dozen; small birds, 50 to 75 cents per dozen; read birds, \$1.25—the scason for fine reed birds is passing away with the departure of ripemed rice and reed seed; venison is selling at 25 cents per pound. t 25 cents per pound.
The vegetable market is fair, with prices much

Gravenstein sell at 30 and 40 cents. The grapes in market are fine and the prices remarkably reasonable. Delawares are 10 cents per pound, 3-pound boxes selling at 25 cents; Catawoas, 8 and 10 cents per pound; Concords are growing poor and sell at 4 and 5 cents; fine Jamaica oranges are 50 cents per dozen; lemons, 20 cents. A new enterprise in the matter of Southern exports is the canning of the tropical fruits and so delivering them in the New-York market in a much better condition than beve can possibly be sent in their natural state. Pine apples preserved in the West Indies are vasily superior to those canned in our large Northern establishments. Some of the down-town fruit stores sell at present what is called a coccos plum preserve of most delicious flavor, much tiner than any of the Northern canned plums to be found in the markets; it sells in 40 cents per jar. These fruits are exported to New-York from a large packing-house in Nassau and promise to be in great demand as soon as their virtues are made known. The California grapes in market are plentiful and fine. Tokay are selling at 35 cents per pound; muscat, 40 cents; alligator pears are \$3 per dozen; shadook, \$1 50 per dozen.

The supply of fish is large, and the prices are much easier than they were a few weeks ago. Fine fat mackers are selling from 12 to 15 cents per pound;

The supply of fish is large, and the prices are casier than they were a few weeks ago. Fit mackerel are selling from 12 to 15 cents per po easier than they were a rew weeks ago. The lat mackere are selling from 12 to 15 cents per pound; bass 25 cents; bluefish 5 cents. In consequence of the unusually large catches of bluefish during the past few weeks, large quantities have been saited down for winter use. Sait bluefish is said to be a very nice breakfast dish. Salmon, refrigerated, is 35 cents per pound; smelts 25 cents; weakfish 10 cents; white perch from 12 to 15 cents, green inrite 15 cents per pound; terrapin \$15 to \$50 per dozen; halibut, 18 cents per pound; haddeck, 6 cents; kingfish, 25 cents; codfish. 8 cents; black fish, 12½ cents glounders and porpries are selling at 10 cents per pound; sea bass, 15 cents; lobsters, 10 cents per pound; sea bass, 15 cents; lobsters, 10 cents gent hundred. The fresh water fish in market are the whiteish, from the lakes, selling at 15 cents a pound; pickerel 12½ cents; solmon trout, 15 cents; black bass, 20 cents; nompano, 75 cents; ciscues, 10 cents; whitehait, 75 cents. Hard crabs, \$2 50 per hundred; soft crabs, \$2 50 per dozen; frogs are 35 cents, and crawfish, \$3 per dozen.

"Well!" repeated Dumas.

Picard taok up the MS, of the play and rolled it m his fingers with a malevolent joy; then assuming a caressing tone, he said to Dumas: "Have you any means of hying apart from literature!"

"I have," said Dumas, "an official post under the Duc d'Orleans, which gives me 1,500 frames a year."

"Ah! well," replied Picard, giving him 41.

"This was decreased. MENU.
Oysters on the half-shell.
Flemish Soap.
Fish Crequettes.
Roast of Veal, Stuffed. Sweet Potatoes. Canliflower.
Roast Wild Duck. Cranberry Jelly. Saratoga Potatoes.
Schad-Lettuce, French Dressing.
Choese. Wafers.
Hot Apple Tart, with Cream.
Grane.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

SALMIS OF PARTRIDGE.-Roast a couple of birds for about five or ten minutes; when celd carve from each the wings, breast, and legs, and true each piece as neatly as possible. Take all the trimmings piece as neatly as possible. Take all the trimmings and put them with the carcasses, chopped up, into a sancepan just large enough to hold them; add a slice of ham, also cut up, a couple of shalots, a faggot of sweet heris, a few cloves, the least bit of cayenne, and whole pepper and sait to take; add a wineglassful of claret, and as much stock as will just cover the contents of the saucepan. Set it to holl for a couple of hours, strain off the liquor, and when quite cold but the pieces of partridge into it, and let the whole zet hot very gradually. Meanwhile melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, mix a little flour with it, then add a little of the liquor and the juice of half a lemon, and turn this into the salmis. Dress the pieces of partridge in a heap, pour the sauce over, and serve garnished with bread

pour the sauce over, and serve garnished with suppets fried in butter. POTATOES A LA MAITEE D'HOTEL.—Cut some boiled potatoes in slices three-eighths of an inch thick, put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter and some minced parsiev, add pepper and salt to taste, and a squeeze of ismon; give the whole a tost on the fire and serve. If cold potatoes are thus be-ing dressed, add a little of either white stock, mitk, or water, and leave them in the saucepan long enough to get hot.

PARSNIPS FOR GARNISH.—With a vegetable cutter ent them out raw to any shape preferred. Drop them in fast boiling water, add sait and a small quantity of whole pepper; when done drain thoroughly, toss them in a sancepan with a little butter, and some parsley finely chopped.

CHAMPIGNONS A LA POULETTE.-Pick and thor-CHAMPIGNONS A LA FOULETTE.—Fick and thor-unfour pieces it large, throw them into cold water, with the juice of a lemon or a little vinegar, as they are being done; then take them out, and dry them in a cloth. Meit a piece of butter in a saucepan, moisten with a little white stock or water, add grated nuture and finely powdered sweet herbs; put in the music points alow from eight to the more put in the mushrooms, siew from eight to ten min-utes, then sir in off the fire the volks of one or two eggs beaten up with the juice of a lemon and

QUENELLES OF VEAL .- Mix in a saucepan on the QUENELLES OF VEAL.—Mix in a case of flour, then fire one counce of butter and a handful of flour, then add enough water to make a thick paste, let it come to boiling point, then put it by to get cold. Take one pound of uncooked veal catlet, cut it up small, and pound it to a putp in a mortar. Take of paste half the quantity there is of meat pulp, and of butter but the quantity there is of paste. Mix the whole half the quantity there is of meat pulp, and of butter half the quantity there is of paste. Mix the whole thoroughly in the mortar, then pass the mixture through a sieve. Return it to a clean mortar, add pepper, sait, and spices to taste, and work into it with the pestic the whites of one or two and the yolks of four or five eggs. Peach a piece of the mixture to try it as to taste and consistency, and alter it by adding more condiments or whites of eggs. Shape the quenelles neatly with two tablespoons, and dispose them in a well-buttered saucepan, leaving a clear space on one side in which to put a pinch of sait, pour in sufficient boiling water to cover the quenelles, leave them to peach for ten minutes, drain them, and arrange them neatly on a bed of tomate sauce.

Potators a La Sauck Blanche.—Slice some

POTATORS A LA SAUCK BLANCHE.—Slice some cold botted potatoes, put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter, add a fittle hot water, pepper and sait, and minced parsley. As soon as they are quite bot stir in, off the fire, the yolk of an egg, beaten up

with the juice of a lemon, and strained.

Brotled Mushrooms.—Choose fine sound large BROILED MUSHROOMS.—Choose line sound large ones, pick and remove the stalk, peel them, dip them in liquefied butter or olive oil, and then broil over a clear fire; put them on a dish, with the bollowed side uppermost. Beat up a piece of butter with some finely chopped parsley, some pepper, salt and a little lemon juice, put a small piece in the hollow of each mushroom, and serve. (Champignons grillés à la maître d'hôtel.)

maître d'hôtel.)

Another Way.—Mince some shallot or outen and half the quantity of parsley, fry them both in butter or in oil, add pepper, satt, and a squeeze of lemon; and as soon as the shallot begins to color place so...

of this mixture in the hollow part of some broiled mashrooms, and serve hot. (Champignens a la Borde-

ONIONS FOR GARNISH .- Take some middling-sized Onions for Garnish.—Take some midding-sized onions, cut them crosswise in slices, reject the small pieces in the centre. Put the larger ones on a cloth with some flour; shake them about on this so as to get them well floured all over; put them in the frying basket, shake off superfluons flour, and plunge the basket in very hot fat. As soon as they begin to color lift them off, sprinkle flue salt over them, and they are ready.

FLEMISH SOUP (maigre).—Boil equal parts of potatoes and turnips in water, with one onion and a

FLEMISH SOUP (maigre).—Boil equal parts of potatoes and turnips in water, with one onion and a head of celery, adding pepper and salt to taste. When the vegetables are quite done, pass the whole through a hair sieve. Put the soap in a saucepan on the fire, and as soon as it boils add a pat of fresh butter, plenty of chervil, a pinch of parsley, and a few tarragon leaves, all finely minced; then pour it over siees of toast and serve.

Vegetable Soup (maigre).—Pass through a hair sieve all the vegetables used to make vegetable stock, melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour to it, mix it well, then add the vegetable pulp; stir well, and moisten with as much of the

pulp; stir well, and moisten with as much of the stock as may be necessary; let the soup boil, stir into it off the fire the yolks of two eags beaten up with a little water and strained. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter.

KROMESKYS OF PARTRIDGE.-Pick out all the

soles a La Maitre D'Hotel, —Put into a souce-pan full of water a bunch of pursley, an onion, a blade of mace, some whole peoper, and salt to taste. When the water boils throw in eight fillets of soles or other fish, each tied up in a knot, and let them boil till done. Serve with mattre d'hotel sauce. Maitre D'Hotel Sauce.—Melt a couple of ounces of butter in a saucenan, any thorong le with the

MATTER D'HOT'EL SAUCE.—Autet a couple of ounces of butter in a saucepan, mix thorourally with it two tablespoonfuls of hour, add half a pint of hot water, white pepper and salt to taste, and stir until it thickens; if too thick add more hot water. Mince very finely a bandful of parsicy, knead it with balf an ounce of butter, add this to the sauce with the juice of half a lemon, stir it well on the fire, and

A DESCENDANT OF THE MARQUIS OF STEYNE.

From All The Year Round.

Lord Henry Seymour was a man of great strength and stature, and with tas-es-like those of the late Marquis of Waterlord. Some new Ireak of his was always amusing and confounding Paris. These would not have neen tolerated in one of lower rank and less wealth; but it was known that he was always ready to pay for his peculiar pleasures, and make lavish indemnities to all safferers by his humor. The French owe to Lord Heury the successful introduction of racing into their country. He moved thinself on driving laster horses than anypiqued himself on driving laster horses than any-one in the Bois, and it was one of the traditional but probably exaggerated legends of the bonievards that he had expended vast sums in securing horses that he had expended vast sums in securing horses with a view to out-tiot some mysterious stranger who contrived to keep in advance of him. On one occasion he was boid enough to "cut in" in front of the king's carriage, which brought down an order from the Court to quit France at once. This, however, he contrived to have revoked.

Lerd Henry had a splendid hotel on the boulevard, at the corner of the Rae Taitoout, one floor of which he had fitted up as a gymnasium, devoted to feneing, boxing and other athletic pastimes. Here the leading professors and ama eurs met three times a week to practice and exhibit their skill, and were treated hospitably by the noble host. Here,

times a were treated hospitably by the noble host. Here, too, were found a whole tribe of spering hangers, on, horse dealers, English grooms, farceurs and toadies. Those who enjoyed the privilege of his intonders. Those who enjoyed the privilege of his intimacy were often the objects of a sort of buffoonery, pushed to an extent that no man of spirit would have endured. He delighted when he had discovered some weakness or prejudice in these companions. This gave him an opportunity for gratifying his humor. Thus he invited down to shoot a certain count who had a sort of morbid antipathy to eats. This notic, retarning late, faticated with his sport, was just getting into bed when he was thrown into an agony by finding an enormous dead cat between the sheets. When, with much repulsion, he had brought himself to seize it and fing it out of the window, and, overcome with sleep, was about to lie down, some concealed jets of water began to play on his bed, drenching him. When he flew to the door in a rage he found it fastened, and a roar of laughter let him know that his tormenters were endoor in a rige he follows that his tormenters were enjoying his sufferings. The next day he was in formed that his host was gone, but had left his complients, with a wish that he would make himsel formed that his host was gone, but had left his complients, with a wish that he would make himself quite at home and stay as long as it suited him. The Frenchman, beside himself with rage, came up to Paris, but could not contrive to meet his host. He sent his seconds with a challenge, but his lordship was not to be seen. This was part of the rich lord's system—a contemptrous determination not to be provoked or take offence or allow that he was accountable for such jests as he condescended to. Strange to say, he succeeded in establishing a privilege for himself. Once, put out by the affected daudyism of one of his friends, he contrived to have some grains of gunpowder introduced into some of the choice cirals for which his house was famous. The daudy's face was much scorcaed by the explosion. His host roared. The victim retorted roughly, it would seem, with a blow, but the noble jester was not to be provoked into hostile measures. Useful friends and toadies were always at hand to interpose and deprecate extreme measures, while their patron kept himself reserved until the matter "biew over."

One of his dependents, a man of small means, and

One of his dependents, a man of small means, and who was fond of horses, though an indifferent rider, he insisted should ride out with him. But it was noticed that his lordship's friend was invariably mounted on some victous animal; any horse in the stable noted for temper being allotted to the un-lucky equestrian. He was so often put in peril of his life that he was at last obliged to forego the

honor of riding with his noble friend.

But even more disagrecable were his tricks at the expense of those who were in a lower class, and whom the sense of his own dignity ought to have taught him to spare. When the fencing-master had exchanged his clothes for the professional dress, he would secretly cover them, with a pseulist named. taught him to spare. When the feneing-master had exchanged his clothes for the professional dress, he would secretly cover them with a peculiar powder, known as "pondre a gratter"—scratching powder—and enjoy the tortines of the victim. Another trick, which he repeated often under various forms, was that of putting jalap into chocolate or coffee.

A young protege, who was at one of the French lyceums, came to wish him "A happy New Year," and the usual disinterestedness of the schoolboy's compliments no doubt roused his cynicism. "At your age," he said. "boys are fond of sweets. Come here to morrow, and you shall have enough to feast the whole college. Be sure you bring a cab." The school-boy was on the following day loaded with dainties—boxes of bon-bons, which he gave away to all his companions, some two hundred in number, and even to the professors. In a few hours the whole college was taken iil, and it was found that the "goodies" had been saturated with medicine. The matter was taken up seriously, but, as usual, the English lord was prodigal of his money, and ready to make amends in any becumiary way.

"You my friends!" he would say sneeringly to those who so styled themselves; "get along, You come here because it amuses you and it suits you." The same thought occurred to him in reference to his servants. There were two or three who had grown gray in his service—a favorite body-servant; a trusty English groop named Briggs; and, above

grown gray in his service—a favor te body-servant; a trusty English groom named Briggs; and, above all, a boor moken-down sentleman of good blood.

actually an Italian marquis, who for years had occupied a position of genteel dependence about him, looking after his guns and other arms, serving out the precious eigars, and making some "particular" eau-de-cologne, for which he had a receipt. His "master" affected to treat him with great favor, though he was never weary of rallying him on his titles and good blood. But in his case, as in that of the old servants, the idea no doubt occurred to him: "These fellows think themselves quite secure—count on large legacies as their right. This is the secret of their long stay in my service. They begin to look on it as their right." Then came the notion of punishing them for this assumed offence. And accordingly, in the disposal of his vast fortone, not a halipenny was left to the broken-down marquis or to any of the old servants. His heirs, however, generously allotted them a pension of sixty pounds a year each. So with his charities, as he would have called them, which were often spiendid, but which he carried off as caprices or bus of sensation. He was once at a fair seen to give a remarkably handsome but wicked-looking bandit or gives of sixteen twenty pounds, and when asked if that was not a piece of cruel kindness to the boy, replied coolly "that it would give him a taste for money; and that when it was spent he would probably go and murder some one to get mare." Indeed, this was a favortte pleasure of his, this picking out some miserable wretch and making him rich for a few days.

THE GREVY FAMILY.

pets of bread fried in butter.

KROMPSKYS OF PARTHEOR—Flick out all the meat from the careness with a pets of bread fried in butter.

KROMPSKYS OF PARTHEOR—Flick out all the meat from the careness with a little more butter, peaper, salt and powdered spice transe, give it a turn out in the careness of the salt in the near form the careness of the salt in the sancepan with a little more butter, peaper, salt and powdered spice transet, give it a turn out in the careness of the salt in the sancepan with a little more butter, peaper, salt and powdered spice to inside, give it a turn out in the salt in th

And we would now say a few words of his daughter, his only child, and the apple of his eye. Mdlie. Alice Grevy is now not far from thirty years of age, and although she has reached in single barness a period of his prior to which most female bipeds are surposed to have become the betier half of some wretched male, and notwithstanding that she can lay no possible claim to personal beauty, no one who has had the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation with her can deny that she is possessed of considerable charm—a charm not dependent upon beauty, youth, or even intellect, but one which rather results from trank fearlessness and simple courage. We can only define her one and great attraction by saying that there is something of the fresh open-air about Mdlle. Grevy that is delightful. She is a little didactic and tyranical in her conversation, but this is obviously the result of the isolated life she has led, living alone with her parents, who idolise her, and having hardty any companion of her age. The great indulgence with which M. Grevy has a siways treated his daughter would, indeed, have spoiled a girl made of less stering stuff, but if the case of the young lady in question, it has simply made her a little masculine, perhaps, but charmingly set delegated and original. A fact but little known no one.

And we would now say a few words of his daughthe case of the young lady in question, it has simply made her a little masculine, perhaps, but charmingly self-depen dent and original. A fact but httle known in England, but nevertheless a fact, is that up to the age of five-and-twenty Mdlie. Grevy habitually diessed as a boy, in coat, waisteant, and (oh, shocking!) trousers! The origin of this eccentricity is touching enough. It was the dream of M. Grevy's hie to have a son, and so when Providence presented him with a daughter, he sadly elected to allow the child to be dressed as a boy, in hopes of cheating nimself into believing that his wishes had been realized. It must not, however, be supposed that because Mulle. Grevy is perhaps rather more like a nice boy than a charming girl she is lacking in the refined: accomplishments more congenial to her sex. She handles the brash with no common dexterity, and some of her sketches are worthy of a place on and some of her sketches are worthy of a place of the waits of the Paris Salon.

EUGENIE'S NEW HOME.

From The Whitehall Review.

The house, or "mansion," which the Empress Engenie has just purchased was built, under the superintendence of an emment architect, by the late Mr. Longman. It is no fluory income. From The Whitehall Review. superintendence of an eminical architect, by the late Mr. Longman. It is no finnsy, inconsistent structure, but a substantial and admirable specimen of early English, the lower part of red brick, with pressings and mullioned windows of stone, and the upper also of brick, but rendered over in cement upper also of brick, but rendered over in cement and picturesquely relieved by panels in teak. The whole building has a comfortable, home-like look, and the eve rests content on the beautifully wooded and park-like grounds surrounding it. In short, the Empress's recent purchase is a type of an English country seat. A couple of carriage drives, with corresponding lodge entrances, lead to a handsome portico paved with tiles, through which you pass to the entrance hall; beyond, up a flight of steps, is a stately inner hall or corridor. Here is the principal staircase, leading to a magnificent suite of reception staircase, leading to a magnificent suite of reception rooms. The drawing-room is superb, and the out-look through its bay and triangular windows on the lawn and grounds, with the groups of stately trees

lawn and grounds, with the groups of stately trees doited here and there, is thoroughly charming. Opening out of this stately salon is a smaller and more cosey one. The library is nearly twenty-five feet square, a noble, oriel-windowed chamber, harmonizing with the ideas of modern refinement.

A word ament the first floor. You enter a lengthy corridor, over the inner hall, leading to the principal bedrooms, of which there are eight, and two dressing-rooms, whitsi, in the wing of the house approached by a second corridor are six secondary bedrooms and a staircase by which you get to the clock-tower. On the second floor are eight additional secondary and servants' bedrooms, each floor, blen entendu, having its bathrooms. The domestic offices are completely shut off from the inner hall; clock-tower. On the second floor are eight addi-tional secondary and servants' bedrooms, each floor, blen enland, having its bathrooms. The domestic offices are completely shut off from the inner hall; there are a large kitchen, sendery, housekeeper's-room, servants hall, pantries, dairy, store-rooms; extensive ranges of cellars, with firmace and so oke-room for the heating apparatas and bathrooms. To get an idea of the marvellous completeness and self-contained character of the place, romember that all the gas used in the house is made on the estate, that water is supplied by steam bower, and that there are hydrants both inside and out in case of fire. There are pleasure grounds all estate, that wafer is supplied by steam nower, and that there are hydrants both inside and out in case of fire. There are pleasure grounds all round the house—some six acres of velvet laws and emerald turf; lawns, flower beds, terrace walks, shrubberies, lawn tenns, and croquet grounds, all in extreme good faste and skilluily planned. The park, which alone covers sixty-eight acres of ground, and the woodlands have serpential walks and drives; the timber is remarkably flus, and, besides the ordinary ferest three, there are some specimens of very rare comfene. There should be plenty of game; and as for fishing, there are ornamental lakes, with wooded islands, a boat-house, and a lishing cottage, or summer-house, with a fireplace, so that in winter it will come in well for skaning parties. A cricket ground is planned, so that there will be anusement for everybody. A kitchen gardon covers three acres, and there are greenhouses, vineries, peach, camelia, cucamber, and meloa houses; and finally come a couple of three-stall stables with six loose boxes, all most complete and spacious, as well as the usual harness-room, coachhouses, a cottage for the coachman, and bedrooms for the grooms. There are, in all, nine cottages on the estate, including one for the bashiff, adjoining a very extensive range of farm buildings, with the neighboring gasometer and gas and baller-houses. Finally, to be quite exact, there is a farm, which is let.

A REACTION IN ÆSTHETICS.-Pilcox (the Mrs. Cumbus Brown sick of titles, and trying to smell a sundower).—" I'm afraid it's one of my faitures;" Mrs. Cumbus Brown.—"Oh, but your faitures remind one of Michael Augelo at his best?" Pileox.—" Not outle so bud as that, I hope."—[Pauch.